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A

WOMAN'S BATTLE

WITH

BOB INGERSOLL.

BY

MOUNTAIN LABURNIUM.

CINCINNATI:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
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To Bob Ingersoll.

CAN WE DOUBT THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL?

BY MOUNTAIN LABURNIUM.

O, pond'rous doors of thought give way,
If thou hast led a soul astray;
Shine in the Gospel light of God,
That he may see the ground he trod.
Deny thy God for earthly fame?
O, hollow thought, O, hollow name!
The slough of dark despond thou 'rt in,
For doubts and fears I see begin.
O, mortal man, return, repent,
Before thy life is wholly spent.
Was sin the mask that veiled from view,
Or demagogues that plunged thee through,
Between the stepping stones in mire,
Or worldly fame thy love desire?

That Christ the helping hand might be,
Draw out thy feet and set thee free.
A war with God ye do engage,
Remember Satan in his rage.
Your argument is like a ball,
'T will strike thee back from solid wall.
Proud, boasting man, thy laws to make,
But heed ye not God's laws to break.
The savage Indian roams the plain,
Expects a spirit land to gain;
The God that dwells within his breast,
Speaks of a spirit land of rest.
O, beautiful and grand desire,
That shines like diamonds from the mire.
The link that holds twixt him and God,
Or else twixt God and world, avoid.
His wisdom speaks through dim and wild,
The Father first and then the Child.
And through his mind this problem sift,
The Giver first, and then the gift,
He feels a higher power above,
That gave to him this life through love;
This garb of dust that hides the soul
Till it can reach a better goal.
And nature is his Bible, too,
That teaches him all things so true.

And nature all her laws hath made,
That all her debts at last be paid.
O, where's the pay for death and pain,
If there's no other world to gain!
Is life the recompense reward,
For all the ills this life afford?
And death the tolegate for our sins,
Both saint and sinner enter in?
If nature rules both small and great,
Then man has shared the worst of fate.
A million objects move in space,
And every one there keeps its place.
The sun ne'er dies before his time,
All work to order as a rhyme.
O! blighted buds, to dust return,
Your race on earth was never run.
Is there no world beyond the tomb
In which those buds will burst and bloom?
And where's their glory and their pay,
For living here but for one day?
And when they die, and leave us here,
How near that world does then appear?
And while their spirits passing o'er,
Catch we a glimpse of that bright shore.
O! how we long to fly away,
Care not in this dark world to stay.

'T is not the dust within the tomb
That seems to come at evening gloom.
Their image, all transformed so fair,
That earthly dust can never wear.
And whispering came from some sweet clime,
And on their robes no trace of time.
I hear them through this veil of dust,
And gladly their sweet words I 'll trust.
Their visions bring a healing balm
Like to the breeze from waving palm.
Take not the joy these visions give,
If this dark life is all I live.
Sow not your thorns this world around,
For they will grow on the poorest ground.
For if the seed of such you sow,
Then thorns for harvest you will mow.
And them that sow and them that grow
In other worlds will pierce you through.
Thou delved God's mysteries to find,
And, wandering lone, and wandering blind,
Thou strayed upon unknown ground,
Where Satan sets his traps around; -
And, faltering in the gloomy shade,
His snares and traps for thee have made.
Mislead thy sense, distract thy thoughts,
Till God's most precious gems are caught.

Let conscience guide thee from the dark,
And work for man the better part.
For death and judgment soon will come,
Then cold in death thy lips be dumb,
No prince or power can bring thee back.
O! leave for friends a brighter track.
Perhaps some friend, you loved most dear,
When your pale face awaits the bier,
Then softly to your side they 'll tread,
As if a noise could wake the dead.
Then your kind acts all come to view,
Their fount of grief burst forth anew,
O! dreadful thought of darkest gloom,
If there 's no world beyond the tomb.
* "Far better had he ne'er been born,
Who reads to doubt or reads to scorn."
Thy lips, not mine, condemn thee so;
They 'll dig thy pit in depths below.
Beat back the dust that dims thy light,
That walks by faith and not by sight.
'T is natural, and 't is just, 't is so,
That we poor creatures here below,
Wish that a record fair be found
When we are mouldering under ground;
Our works the world may ever seek,
In silent eloquence it speaks,

* Byron.

And seeking, find some truth most rare,
And all our fruits some sweets to bear,
It matters not where we are found,
So we but toil and till the ground,
And render back to God his dues—
He gave thee talent as he chose.
His silence speaks in deeper tones;
A thousand gifts to man he loans.
Like man to man, his love display
In works, not words his lips might say.
And must the Father ever be
Present to prove himself to thee?
O! wondrous works, complete thy plan,
Comparing thine to works of man.
His starry fields at night go trace;
Seek wisdom in the moon's fair face.
They whisper of a life to live
That earthly joys can never give.
Eternal peace that drowns my fears
From boasting of man's bitter jeers.
The slumbering sweets in deep repose
Lie in the heart of every rose.
We can not know that it is there
Till burst its odors on the air.
The sap within the tree lies deep,
And seems to slumber and to sleep,

Till Spring awakens it to life,
And then it blooms in glory strife,
Like spirits in their mansions dressed,
Each lending beauty to the rest.
Our joys and pains we can not see,
But still we know such things there be;
And each here lives his little day,
And sees but little then away,
And schools himself and works he wrought.
Ah! something lost for which he sought.
Man seeks eternal rest to gain;
The price he pays is death and pain.
Life pays for living here to all
But man, on this terrestrial ball.
The beasts and birds live heaven here,
While man eternal death does fear.
We can not always dwell below;
Both you and I erelong will know.
O! where's the happiness to gain,
For doubting God, or Hell, and pain?

O! boasting dust, with speech sublime,
Hold ye the reins of death and time?
Ah, well ye know that ye must die.
Then make a heaven for you and I.
Then change the earth from old to new;
Convince the world your creed is true.

Go calm the surging billows deep,
And soothe the midnight winds to sleep.
Suspend the rain from heaven to fall,
And bring the seasons at thy call.
Go move the sun at thy own will,
And bid the silvery moon stand still.
Please bring the stars, that I can see
What all those twinkling things might be.
O! give me wings, that I might fly
Up, up to wear 'em when I die.
O! God, to your bright home on high
You 've made for him as well as I.
O! snatch him as a burning brand,
That he be able then to stand
On those bright hills of God's above,
Where angels sing through harps of love;
Eternal rivers gently glide,
With healing trees on either side.
And there 's a city paved with gold,
And joys our lips have never told,
For those that love and serve him here,
But not for them that have a fear.
O! jasper walls, all garnished fair,
And waving palm trees waving there.
Beneath those palms those fountains play,
And angels sing the livelong day.

And there shall walk earth's godly kings,
And nation's glory there he brings.
And there my Savior then I 'll see,
I 'll love him then for loving me.
O ! spirit child, that 's just past o'er,
I 'll meet you on that golden shore,
And walk and talk for evermore,
And part, no never, never more.
And words that death had broken here
I 'll wait, and wait with many a tear,
Till open wide ye solid pearl,
And I pass o'er your stones of beryl,
You 'll be the first to meet me there,
And take me to your mansion fair.
And your sweet hands put on my crown.
Your death, my cross, I 've then laid down.
You 'll tell it with the same sweet voice
That always made my heart rejoice,
While walking through those streets of gold,
And viewing scenes that ne'er grow old.
And all our friends we once loved here,
We 'll meet them there and still hold dear.
When age on age away have rolled,
Eternal beauties still unfold.
O ! meet me on that brighter shore,
Where deaths and fears will come no more ;

And hand in hand we'll talk it o'er.
Redeeming love for evermore.
O! sound aloud ye trumps of gold—
One straying sheep within the fold.
O! add a star unto my crown;
I pray such creed while here lay down;
And render love to God for love,
Your creed to man, God's creed above.

BOB INGERSOLL'S SAYINGS.

"It has delighted in the production of extremes."

"Man should cease to expect aid from on high."

"Religion is tyrannical."

"The supreme desire of his heart is to force all others to adopt his creed."

"O! how long will they pursue phantoms in a darkness deeper than death."

"I like to have several millions of dollars, and I may say I have a lively hope that some day I may be rich."

"When women reason, and babes sit in the laps of philosophy, the victory of reason over the shadowy host of darkness will be complete."

Mountain Laburnium

IN ANSWER TO BOB INGERSOLL.

The Two Roads.

You say I'm wrong, that you are right:
That makes two roads, one dark, one light.
Two roads there are, and ever be,
Thus antipodes through all eternity.

Can love and hate walk hand in hand,
Or peace and war make out a band?
Does principle lie loose around,
Or charity with greed be found?
Falsehood and truth are not the same;
Each travel after different game.
The dark recedes from morning light,
And lies can't join to honor bright.
Hypocrisy puts on a show,
It's never from true feeling's flow.
It's garb is thin, and sure to tear;
Deceit and villainy peep everywhere.
And life and death can ne'er embrace,
Nor grief and joy live face to face.
Hypocrisy, most cursed below,
It steals God's mask, defiles it so.
And innocence by crime divorced,
As down to hell by crime it's forced.
And points her finger, though it's fair,
At dark remorse sits weeping there.
O! see the work your crime has wrought.
Your duty knew, but did it not.
And know ye not how Tom Paine died?
Despairing anguish, thus he cried:
My soul! eternity in view,
O! could I blot my life from view;

O! souls I've sent to depths below,
Where you have gone there I must go.
And conscience's chains wrapped round my soul,
O! deeper down than death the goal.
And could my being end with life
I'd pass away without a strife.
And Voltaire on his dying bed,
To misled followers he said:
For man this creed can here live by,
But never by such doctrine die.

"But God hath chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise."—Bible.

O! ye disputers of this world,
Your worldly wisdom still unfurled;
But God will choose the foolish things
To naught by it your wisdom brings.
And He the weaker things will choose,
And thus your mighty power you lose.
When women reason thus, you say,
Then doubts and darkness flee away.
Philosophy and babes will meet.
Then victory o'er all complete.
Ah! well you love the children so;
Simplicity is all they know.
They look to higher power with love,
As we look up to God above.
Now, would you have your children know,
All things that seem to please them so?
Come, reason with a woman now,
Disputer, with thy tranquil brow.
With thy great power, O! what's thy fate?
Like Peter, cry ere its too late.

BOB INGERSOLL'S SAYINGS.

"O, how long will they pursue phantoms in a darkness deeper than death."

MOUNTAIN LABURNIUM.

A darkness deeper down than death?
I thought your darkness ends with breath.
You talk as if you had been there
And know how deep the darkness were.
There was a man called Christ, you say,
Done naught but good along life's way.
The Bible is the only book
To find His name in which we look.
He healed the blind, and raised the dead—
Why not believe the rest he said?
And He mistaken with such powers,
We're left in darkness then with ours.
You say that Christ left us in doubt
To what he was and what about.
O! did he truly not explain
That he would surely come again?
O! what a healing balm he pours;
It's quite a different thing from yours.

Within my Father's house all fair
There's many mansions waiting there.
Were not those things now truly so
I would have told you long ago.
And if I go a room prepare,
And I'll be waiting for you there.
And I'll invite you to my home,
And not compel you thus to come.
And you and I must truly know
His mansions are not here below.
And left he not one thing undone,
A feast prepared for every one?
And then within his holy pride
Called it adorned his newly bride.
Would you enjoy your friend or mine
That we must force with us to dine?
And hungry we must truly be
Before a feast we wish to see.

BOB INGERSOLL'S SAYINGS.

"God growing smaller."

The farther from a thing we get
It always looks still smaller yet,
His enemy is growing great;
I shudder at such horrid fate.
Don't talk to me about extremes,
Why, yours are worse than all my dreams.
You talk as if we never die,
And that a child ought never cry.
A part of God's own book you 'll take;
A contradiction strange you make.
Now put a witness on the stand,
Then tell him hold up his right hand,
He tells the truth, then speaks a lie;
You 'll take it all, or all deny.
Ah! well, I see what led you off,
Now at your Savior jeer and scoff.
Since Darwin's horrid book you read
Remember what Lord Byron said—
"For better had he ne'er been born,
Who reads to doubt or reads to scorn."

O! shame, to jeer at Milton's name,
Though blind he was, but great his fame.
Ah! well he knew the ground he trod,
And never thus deny his God.
And as the ages roll away,
His crown grows greener every day.
Voltaire's and Paine's old song you sing;
Their garb new dyed to us you bring.
Your mind runs into awful shapes,
And then you think we came from apes.
A rule must work both ways they say,
Or else it's fit to throw away.
And you've gone back to Darwin's brink—
O! quite a handsome ape, I think.
Supposing that your son would say,
From all your laws I'll run away;
When I became your son and how
I don't remember then or now.
Would you not think that son was mad,
Or surely wandered off to bad?
Poor thanks for all the gifts you gave,
And for a life you'd die to save.
But make a heaven the wide world through,
Would that pay off the debts to you?
A man of argument is so,
He will admit what he don't know.

Why pray, dear sir, I now can see
That you and I right here agree.
Against such doctrine you have fought
That something can't go back to naught.
Our souls, when loosed from earth again
Must fly away to joy or pain;
To sweep o'er plains in God's great light,
Or dwell in one eternal night;
To hear the words of welcome ring,
Or else depart, for curse ye bring,
Where naught but love can ever dwell,
Or banishment makes deepest hell.
Where God, our King, reigns triumph there,
Or conscience wails in dark despair;
To shout in glory evermore,
Or hear the clanking of hell's door;
To clasp the friends that we loved here,
For hear no more their voices dear;
To meet them round God's happy throne,
Or dwell in darkness all alone;
Those happy golden streets to trod,
Or lost forever, lost to God;
To gaze upon those walls of beryl,
Or see the flames of hell unfurl;
To soar through one eternal day,
Or dwell where sin drives light away;

To walk where peaceful waters flow,
Or wander in dark worlds below ;
Where glory burst from every tongue,
Or song of sorrows ever sung ;
To hear our Savior pleading there,
Or dwell where hearts live on despair ;
To upward, upward ever soar,
Or downward, downward evermore.
Eternity will ne'er stand still,
For that 's God's law, and that 's his will.
But time's dark wing marks not its shore,
It breathes the present evermore.
And time links like a chain of gold,
And round and round the same one fold
Recedes the waves from off the shore
And back again, but makes no more,
As trees rise up and fall again,
And yet the same dust still remain.
We call it wind when air grows wild,
No more or less when Summer smiled.
O God, my thoughts dip deeper still,
That I may prove thy holy will.
'T will be one night of love to thee,
For depths of mercy show to me.
I 'll write it with a pen of fire,
And burn the sin that 's dark and dire,

Till reason rules and doubts no more,
And glory shines from shore to shore;
Till heaven take up the strain prolong,
And make it one eternal song;
And truth spreads all her wings around,
And naught but mercy's love is found;
Till demons tremble at the thought,
To see such wonders God hath wrought;
Hell's prison doors burst open wide,
And Satan claim the bleeding side.
O God! O truth! O mercy! meet,
Then victory o'er all complete;
Our God the one great ruler be
Throughout, through all eternity.

Bright Visions.

BY MOUNTAIN LABURNIUM.

'T was by prayer I caught the vision
  Wafted from the golden shore,
While bright angels passing through
  Left ajar the pearly door.

And there, just below the city,
  Lay the sea of crystal blue,
On its banks bright trees were blooming,
  Bursting into every hue.

And I heard them whisper lowly,
  Bearing spirits o'er the sea,
We are glad thou 'rt found so holy,
  Soon a crown we 'll give to thee.

Many friends came out to meet them,
  And to greet them by the shore,
From their harps glad music ringing,
  Rest and peace for evermore.

O! the city lay so peaceful
  On the uplands of that shore;
With sweet songs now passed the vision,
  Rest and peace for evermore.

The End.

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